To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are morteiſt and adjoin'd, which when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, pettie conſequence
Attends the boiſtrous raine, never alone
Did the King ſigh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray you to this ſpeedy voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free footed.

Roſ. We will make haſte. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord hee's going to his mothers cloſet,
Behind the Arras Ile convay my ſelfe
To heare the proceſſe, Ile warnt ſhee'l tax him home;
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet that ſome more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, ſhould ore-heare
The ſpeech of vantage; fare you well my Liege,
Ile call upon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I heare. *Exit.*

King. Thankes deare my Lord.
O my offence is ranke, it ſmels to heaven,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe upon't;
A brothers murder: pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharpe as will,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect: what if this curſed hand
Were thicker than it ſelfe with brothers blood?
Is there not raine enough in the ſweet heavens
To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe? then Ile looke up:
My fault is paſt: but oh! what forme of prayer
Can ſerve my turne? forgive me my foule murther?
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt

Of